

than a man, when engaged in passion, is conscious of the blow he receives. Then the "high art of bull-fighting" requires that the bull be slain by one blow with the sword, which reaches the heart, and causes instant death. The sufferings of an animal thus slain are surely not to be compared with those of a man, bruised and mangled, and borne away half dead from the bloody boxing-ring.

The bulls which I saw were not very worthy champions, and three of them were driven out of the arena at the demand of the people, who vociferated loudly that they did not come to see bulls slaughtered! One of the rejected animals had evidently been accustomed to be driven in the fields by a man with a pole, and when the picaresque, lance in hand, rode at him, he quietly turned tail, and trotted away! Another beast was so alarmed at the scene of confusion, that he galloped around and around the ring, and would not go out, till the "direction" backed an ox into the doorway; when, springing a kindred fear, he bolted, and made a rush for his cousin, and escaped, and saw one bull killed, who made fiercely at his foe, and excited the admiration of the audience to such a degree, that when the awkward or unlucky *matador*, missing his first blow, had to dispatch the beast with a second thrust, there arose against him a perfect storm of hisses, and cries of "Muerlo!" "Muerlo!" "Away with him! he massacres!" And the *aficionado*, or amateur, near me, turning, said to me in a pathetic voice, "Ay! ay! so noble a bull, so foolishly slain!" I left the horrible place, satisfied that no Spaniard of really refined character and cultivated mind can take pleasure in the sight, but, as I said, that the popularity of bull-fighting in Spain proves nothing against the intrinsic character of the Spanish race. The crores slain by the "bull-fight" as a Spanish amusement; but the crores fought upon cock-fighting, which, to my mind, is a more cruel and degrading sport.

This morning I spent in walking over the two great fortresses of Las Cabanas and the Moro Castle. I was fortunate enough to be furnished with a letter of introduction to a Spanish officer in the fortress of Las Cabanas, and he politely conducted me over the immensely extensive fortifications. This is a rare privilege; for strangers in general are rigidly excluded from the walls. I have known several instances in which foreigners have been arrested for sketching merely the outer walls of the buildings. One German gentleman in particular had a pleasant adventure of the sort, at the fort of Atoré—a fort south-east of the city, famous as the scene of the execution of the late King, Don Carlos, King of Naples. The base of the hill on which that fort stands is leased to a farmer, who raises vegetables for the Havana market. This farmer was ploughing his ground with the rude sapling plough in use here, and our German, struck with the odd shape of the thing, was sketching it, when he suddenly came down upon the farmer, and arrested him. They had no tongue in common, and he was carried into the fort, quite bewildered, and unable to conceive the cause of his arrest. A German soldier was at last found, who interpreted to the prisoner the charge against him; when he forthwith produced the sketch of the plough, and thereupon the soldier retired, and the German went off at the sentinel with a reprimand, and detained his captive to a very Spanish breakfast. As I had no sketch-book, and was under convoy of a blue cap with a scarlet and gold band, I ran no such risks, and enjoyed my promenade in peace.

The Moro, as you know, guards the entrance of the harbor, and the entrance is but a thousand feet in width, and further narrowed by a ship of the line, which the Spaniards sunk here when the English fleet appeared in 1762. It would be simply impossible for any hostile force to pass this fortress. The English, landing on the coast, assaulted the fort, and, after a long and bloody battle, they were repulsed, and the English Government, after the fall of Lord Bute once more put the island into their hands, not only enlarged and strengthened the Moro Castle, but erected a new and magnificent line of fortifications on the hills of Las Cabanas, covering an immense area, and presenting almost impregnable defenses on every side. On this side the Atlantic nothing can be seen in the class of military architecture to rival these stupendous erections. The defenses of Quebec, so imposing to an unsophisticated Yankee eye, are much less extensive and less massive. The Spaniards are, and always have been, great builders. They have built four millions of dollars into these towering walls and battlements.

It is said that Charles III, when the accounts were presented to him, took up his spy-glass, and went to his window; and when one of the courtiers presented his Majesty what object he wished to see, he said, "I have seen it; you have built it at Havana. If it has cost such a sum of money, I ought to be able to see it at any distance!"

The Cabanas seems to be well supplied with cannon and with ammunition, but the garrison is quite inadequate to the extent of the fortifications. However, from the days of Numanzia to those of Saragosa, the Spaniards have been famous defenders, and with such colossal works to defend as these of Havana, I have no doubt they could hold their own very firmly. The inclined plane, which, with many turns, leads from the quay to the gates of the fortress, is really a sort of ravin, for you pass between perpendicular masses of masonry, and are upon the solidly built, and completely self-sufficient, the whole rising to the height of more than sixty feet on each side. To advance upon this long, weary ascent, in the face of the infernal shower of fire which could be rained from the numerous embrasures of those commanding batteries, would be no holiday sport.

The interior of the fortress is very neat, and the quarters of the troops superior to those I saw in Havana. The exercise ground has been recently planted with trees, which already yield a grateful shade from the intense glare of the sun on these exposed ramparts.

Conspicuous on an esplanade of dark granite stands a marble monument, erected in honor of the "Loyalty and Valor" of the soldiers who fell in the invasion of Lopez. Two mines lead from the Cabanas to the Moro, but I passed over the distance of about one-eighth of a mile, which separates them, above ground.

The Moro Castle would be a formidable fortress of itself, but it is not so important as an outwork of that fortification. It is a more picturesque fort, however, standing directly above the sea, which is here of so singular a clearness, that on looking down with a glass from the ramparts, one can see the sea-plants growing thirty or forty feet below the surface. The signal station in the harbor, the admirable escape of the signal-master commands the course of the Gulf Stream for more than twenty miles each way. Many vessels were coming in and going out, while we stood there, and the scene was brilliant and gay beyond description. The view of the city and its environs from this lofty point, and especially the lantern of the noble light-tower, is incomparably fine. The Moro has a sad fame as a prison-house, but my friend the Captain assured me there were no prisoners here now. I hardly knew whether to believe him; and it is very well known that several State prisoners were put to death within those walls about a month ago.

Destroyed it seems hardly possible these works should ever be; and in some future day, when "the sounds of war grow fainter and then cease," the immense circuit of these walls may be planted with trees and gardens, and converted into the most charming "city on a hill" ever seen—a city of health, and beauty, and peace.

After visiting the forts, I completed the morning's warlike experiences by calling upon another acquaintance, a naval officer on board the steam frigate "Albatross," in the harbor. This vessel mounts six guns, two of them 84-pounders, and is a fine specimen of naval architecture, built, as are most of the Spanish steamers, at London, furnished with English engines, worked by English engineers, and armed with English cannon. The arms of the men are of Spanish make, and the uniforms of the crew made. The vessel is nicely cared for and clean, but the chief engineer told us that she had been three years in these latitudes, and that her hull had become so foul as seriously to affect her speed. Moreover, he told us that when she was engaged in chasing the pirates, the captain would not allow him to leave the vessel, for fear of an explosion! Another war steamer in port, which we visited, was built in Ferrol, and

is of a good model, though too heavily constructed to be a very swift boat. However, the Spanish steam fleet now on station is a decided overmatch for the whole American steam marine of war!

W. H. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1853.

DR. BAILEY, at last advised, was still in England. He expected to start for America on the 24th (yesterday) in the Atlantic steamship. He will be home early in September.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.—In another column will be found the first of a series of letters from our correspondent in Europe. It is from the pen of a highly-distinguished writer in England, whom Dr. Bailey has engaged to furnish letters for the *Era*. We commend it to attention.

MARK SUTHERLAND, OR POWER AND PRINCIPLE.—The concluding chapter of this work, by Mrs. Southworth, will be found in our columns this week. Its publication has been continued through some thirty numbers of the *Era*, and the work has greatly interested all who have read it. Our correspondents speak in warm praise of its merits. It will shortly appear, in book form, and we learn, will also be published in England, by the enterprising firm of Clarke, Beeton, & Co.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. The confidence in a speedy pacific settlement of the Turkish question, expressed in the news from which we made up our last week's European intelligence, is much shaken by the last arrivals. Our statement was made more than cautiously, doubtfully. The Russian troops were, to the number of 160,000 men, occupying the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, fortifying their positions at Jassy and Bucharest, marching forward toward the Danube, and the Czar had given no indications of peace upon terms any way acceptable to the Porte. There were, indeed, no reliable grounds for the prevalent expectation of an immediate adjustment of the difficulty. Since then, the Humboldt and the America have arrived, bringing London dates up to the 6th instant.

It appears from statements by the Cabinet Ministers of England, made in the two Houses of Parliament, that a conference was held at Vienna on the 30th July, by the Ministers of Austria, Prussia, France, and England, (the Minister of Russia not present, and his absence not accounted for,) at which a proposition for the settlement of the question was agreed upon by the four Powers and despatched to St. Petersburg. To this proposition, which is now called an ultimatum of the allies, no final answer can be received at London before the 10th or 12th instant. If Nicholas accepts, his troops must be immediately withdrawn from the Turkish Principalities; and the conference at Vienna, pursuing its arrangements, will conclude a treaty to protect Turkey in the future. The question of Peace or War, therefore, rests wholly with the Czar. If he refuses the ultimatum of the four Powers, or evades a reply, the allied fleets will be ordered to the Bosphorus, or further, and active measures will be taken by France and England to maintain the integrity of their ally.

This is the amount of the intelligence by the America. While it upsets the previous rumors of settlement, it looks as if the allies had settled their purposes and line of action definitely. The Earl of Clarendon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the House of Lords, on the 2d inst., stated that his despatches brought the intelligence that the Consul General of Russia had ordered the Hospodar of Moldavia to pay the tribute, usually transmitted to Constantinople, over to the Russian Government, and otherwise assumed the civil government of the country; and that he had directed the British Consuls in the Principalities to cease their functions there; and, further, that he had instructed the English Ambassador to demand the explanation from the Russian Government which this state of things required.

This looks like progress, with a purpose in it—we shall see.

In the mean time, Russia has possession of the territory and of its revenues. A little more negotiation and winter will set in, and Turkey will be booked for a winter's expenses of waiting and preparation. The Russian ultimatum of a month ago was like the "positively last night" on a show bill—postponed and repeated, because it paid well. And we are not so sure that the last proposition of the allies is less elastic than the first, made by England and France.

The Czar has just ordered new and large levies of troops throughout his entire dominions. The ratio is to be ten men in 1,000, generally. The whole active force of his army is about 300,000 men, with 912 pieces of cannon; the reserve force, 240,000 men, and 360 pieces of cannon. The local troops in the Caucasus, Finland, Siberia, &c., are about 80,000 men, and 280 pieces of cannon. The whole force available in Europe is supposed to be 430,000 men, 72,000 horses, and 1,272 cannon.

An Egyptian fleet, carrying 12,000 men, had arrived at Constantinople. It is reported that fifty-two French field officers have entered the Turkish service; and it is again reported in Vienna that the United States Government has given the Sultan assurances of support, both in men and money, and is negotiating for the possession of the Marmarissa.

Moreover, it is stated that when the Czar heard of the Costa affair, he advised Austria to settle it as easily as possible, and do anything rather than give the United States the pretense for interfering with the affairs of Europe.

The journals of Frankfurt, of the 30th, say that Austria not only intends to demand reparation from the United States for the Smyrna affair, but insists that the Porte shall immediately procure the extradition of Costa.

CHINA.

With reference to the rebellion there is but little to add to our last reports. Nankin remained in possession of the rebels. The imperialists made an attempt on Ancy, but failed.

PERSLA.

The town of Shiraz was overthrown by an earthquake on the 21st April; 12,000 persons perished.

DENMARK.

The cholera continues its ravages at Copenhagen; 2,500 cases have proved fatal—more than fifty per cent. of the number attacked.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament is expected to be prorogued on the 18th or 20th August. Ocean penny postage postponed till next session.

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY OF CITIES.—The following is a summary of the last weekly mortality in various cities, with the proportion of deaths to their respective populations:

	Deaths.	Population.	Ratio.
Philadelphia	277	400,000	1 to 1,462
New York	541	515,000	1 to 952
Baltimore	123	160,000	1 to 1,374
Boston	111	139,000	1 to 1,252
Brockton	39	37,000	1 to 950
New Orleans	884	120,000	1 to 135
Charleston	20	43,000	1 to 2,150
Savannah	8	16,000	1 to 2,000
Mobile	10	20,500	1 to 1,079

From the National Era.

THE POPE AND SAINT PETER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It chanced, that while the pious troops of France fought in the crusade which Pope Pius preached, What time the holy Bourbons struck his hands, The Tar and Aaron met for such a Moses. Stratched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome To bless the ministry of Ouidiot, And sanctify his iron homilies

And sharp sentences of the bayonet, That the good pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun Of the bright day, and beheld the lanes, The sick, and blind, kneeling at the Master's feet, And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all, Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise From Heaven to Earth, in silver rimes of song, He heard the blessed angels sing of peace, Good will to all man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns And hot winds of the desert, cresset drew His fisher's knife, and girded up his loins, And spake, as one who had authority: "Come thou with me."

Lake-side and eastern sky And the sweet song of angels passed away, And with a dream's alacrity of change, The priest, and the saint, a fisher by his side, Beheld the eternal city lift its domes

And golden fane and monumental pomp Above the waste campaign. On the hills The blaze of burning vines rose and fell, And momentarily the mortar's iron thrash Roared from the trenches; and, within the walls, Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain, Shout, drum-beat, and the clanging larm bell, And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled sound, Half wail and half defiance. As they passed The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood Flow'd ankle high about them, and dead men Choked the long street with gashed and gory piles— A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh. From which, at times, quivered a living hand, And white lips moved and moaned. A father tore His gray hairs, by the body of his son, In phrensy; and his fair young daughter wept On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen The blessed Master and His works of love; Look now on this! Hearst thou the angels sing Above this open hell? Thou God's high priest! Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace! Thou the successor of His chosen ones!"

St. Peter, fisherman of Galilee, In the dear Master's name, and for the love Of His true Church, proclaim thee anti-Christ, Alien and separate from His holy faith. Wide as the difference between death and life, The hate of man and the great love of God! Hence, and repent!"

Therewith the pontiff woke, Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream, "What means he?" cried the Bourbon. "Nothing more."

Then that your majesty hath all too well Cared for your poor people, and that, in sooth, The Holy Father's supper troubleth him," Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

"MIGHTY MEAN."

When we were a very little boy we had a very big dog. He took his name from his color—it was Buff—not from his character, for he was as remarkable for magdanimity as for strength and courage. He was very patient, too; all the worry and work that a seven-year-old urchin could inflict upon him in a long holiday never disturbed his equanimity. He probably had once been a puppy, but no one who knew him would think of uncoiling such an inference from the principles of natural history to his prejudice—he was every inch and every ounce a dog, and one of the biggest and noblest of the race, at that. How he hated the harness of his little wagon in summer, and boarded in winter! He was faithful, and fond of his little master; but naturally enough, while he performed the duties and felt the sentiments of a dog, he resisted the degradation of a hack. Nothing else ever made him exhibit any doggedness of temper. We never caught him in a sneak, except when he was trying to escape the collar and traces; nor at a dodge, except when a hole in a fence, or the low door of his dormitory, offered him the opportunity of stripping us off his back. Our troubles and tumblers of this sort often ruffled our temper with him; but more mature reflection has long since reconciled us to his conduct in this respect, and in "the late remorse of love" we admit that he was right. Alas, poor Buff!

Every dog, they say, has his day; but Buff's was shamefully shortened. A beggar poisoned him; for it was a principle with him never to let a tatterdemalion cross our door-step. He had an opinion and a post to maintain—he had some dignity of his own, and, of course, a decent indignation against vagabonds deficient in both dress and address. He suspected them of fleas, perhaps; perhaps of felony; any how, he could not abide them; and if it was only a capricious antipathy, we don't think it a very serious impeachment of his otherwise unquestionable philanthropy. He may have been a reformer, and had a mission; and for that reason must be excused, if he garrisoned the premises with rather severe fidelity. We doubt not that excellent authorities can be found for growling and barking alarmingly for conscience sake, and we claim the benefit for the justification of Buff; the more by token that the poor fellow fell a martyr to it at last. See, there is a doctrine and a parable, even in the life and death of a dog.

One day—how well we remember the day—we were trying to drive a family of refractory pigs out of the yard, and after a dozen failures, called upon Buff for assistance. He had been looking on, contemptuously, for half an hour, while the struggle lasted, without offering any assistance or exhibiting any interest in the matter, and now absolutely refused to interfere. There was another witness of our perplexity—our father was standing on the porch, very quietly waiting for the result. A regular fight had begun with Buff for his insolent indifference and downright disobedience; but, detecting the presence, and hoping for the interposition of the paramount authority, we began our complaint with, "Papa, what is the reason that Buff won't hunt these pigs?"

"Why, William, don't you know that a big dog will not worry little pigs? If you want to have help at a mean little job, you must employ a puppy in the service."

Buff was fairly vindicated, and we had a lesson which has served us many a time since. Just then we felt only the rebuke, without at all relishing it, and, indeed, without fully understanding its philosophy.

That night, after saying our daily prayer, and feeling as good as if we had been whipped, or praised, or pardoned some little iniquity, and had our account with the world, and the world to come, happily squared, and at liberty to begin again, we renewed the complaint and apology again, by saying, "But, papa, what is the reason that Buff oughtn't to worry little pigs when they are in the yard, where they have no business to be?"

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"Why, see, here, my son; little pigs have some rights, even when they are doing wrong. Haven't they?"

"No; I don't see how they can be right when they are wrong?"

Smiling in a way that made us think we were not quite up to the argument, although we could not see the kink in it, he answered: "Well, then, if pigs are not quite right when they are wrong; or, what is a very different thing, if they even have no rights when they

are in anything wrong—as, for instance, in the wrong yard or wrong trough—little boys and little dogs may, nevertheless, be wrong in their way of turning them out—may they not?"

"I suppose so; but?"

"Come, come, William; you can defend yourself any other time. Buff knows we are talking about him, and he is pressing in between us, here, and looking at you, as much as to say, 'Little master, I can't speak for myself, you know. Do listen to what papa is going to say for me.'"

"Get away, Buff," was our answer; "you have your great big paw on my toe that has a splinter in it!"

"He has a worse grip of you than that, William; he has you in the wrong. Put up your little foot, and let me see that dreadful sore toe. Tuf, there is no splinter there!"

"But there was one, yesterday. See how red it is!"

"Red, William; it isn't as red as your face; and I know it doesn't hurt you as badly as you feel somewhere else."

"I want to go to bed, papa."

"No, no, my boy; you are too wide awake just now for that. You have not been so wide awake, all over and all through, for a week; and I want you to reflect, while you lie awake, to think over this matter: That there are some things, and some ways of doing things, that are unworthy of anything but puppies and mean people: no matter what wrongs they undertake to correct. You wouldn't smother a poor little pig in a puddle, because it happened to be trespassing on your play-ground. You wouldn't kick a little baby with your boots on, for taking your piece of bread and butter that happened to fall within its reach, any more than Buff would crush the bones of a little pig for playing in the yard. It is not what a wrong-doer may seem to deserve when you are angry, but what is becoming to yourself, that you should do. Now, my son, shake hands with Buff—poor Buff!—and then with me, and go to your little bed. There, that's right; now run along!"

"But, papa?"

"Never mind, now; go, and don't walk as if you were carrying a weight, nor look as if it were too heavy for you. Open your window, for the robins will be singing in the apple-tree in the morning; your dear little toe will be well as ever, and you will be as happy and merry as a bird again. You will be my own brave boy; and when you get to be a big one, you'll understand Buff!"

Appropos of puppies and pigs. The *Cotton Planter* and the *Carolina Spartan*, with we know not how many of the same kidney, are out upon the Southern hucksters for buying their goods from Northern Abolitionists. They think the chivalry should worry the jobbers which they are unable to drive out of the yard. It is mortifying to see how they hiss and hound them on.

The Northern pigs are deep in the Southern trough, and Buff won't worry them. The pigs have no rights because they are wrong, and the dogs will not make puppies of themselves; and the splinters under these editors' toe-nails are very red, and terribly painful. We advise them to shake hands with Buff, get into their little cribs, sleep off their discontent, and waken up in the sunlight. They are brave boys, no doubt, but they are not big enough and don't know enough yet to understand the magnanimity of a good-sized dog.

In Philadelphia we have recently had an instance so mean that our little story serves rather to expose than to illustrate it. The daily *Register*, very recently established, has some mercantile patronage, a few Southern advertisers, some mercenary rivals in business, and some opinions and principles that a newspaper, we think, might be allowed to hold, even in a commercial city; but, worst of all, it has some property, and a fair prospect of more. Well, the other day the *Charleston News* breaks out upon the Southern business men in Philadelphia, and the Northern scoundrels there, whose traffic is involved in their opinions, denouncing all such support as they are, for fair business reasons, affording to the paper, because it is going to be an Abolition print so soon as it is well established, for it is free already, and sends a copy of the assault to every advertiser, heavily ink-marked, by way of notice to quit. Whereupon, several of them—not many, but more than three or four—actually took out their advertisements, on one pretence or other, and are now enjoying their escape.

Now, if we were the editor of the *Register*, we would put the names of these slaves in the place where their advertisements stood, with the explanation, until the world within our reach knew all about it. We would bluff off the *Charleston News*, by letting the editor know how vilely he has been used for private purposes by his dastardly partners in this oppression, and by demanding the name of his correspondent in this city. If he should refuse, let him feel how mean it is to be a mere tool where he thought he was the master of a traitor. If it were to be the last act of our editorial life, we would fasten the collars on the puppies, with their master's name engraved as large as life. And we would do worse still—we would send a copy of our exposition to every gentleman in the South, that their scorn might dry the very marrow in the bones of the slaves they have at large in Quakerdom.

It is enough to make any white man's blood boil with indignation to see a mercenary sneak using Southern tools to do his dirty work upon a freeman whom he cannot otherwise overthrow in the strife of trade. Catching a fugitive slave is nothing to this endeavor to run down and enslave a freeman within his own free territory. Stick out the names, *Mr. Register*, let us know the meanest men alive, and let them see their pictures in print. The imposture of walking up and down the streets of your city as if they had souls in them, or could afford to have them, ought to be exposed. It is enough that they are slaves, they ought not also pretend to be men; and, at the same time, mark the rascals concerned in this business with their proper names, just as apothecaries write "poison" upon the malignant drugs with which life is in danger of being secretly destroyed. The exposure of the persons concerned is due to the decent manliness on both sides of Mason and Dixon. Telling such stories without names has an unfair tendency to involve the slaveholders of the South and the merchants of the North, generally, in the imputation. A thing so mean that neither class can possibly be guilty of it.

If a bona fide regularly born and bred slaveholder were once fairly caught in such meaness, he would be repudiated; and we think that even the spirit of trade has scarcely sunk so low that it would not ostracize the culprit from the "ancient and honorable company of merchants." We can allow a slaveholder the inherent vices of his position, while he keeps them in countenance by his virtues; and a merchant may squeeze through the usual crises of an intermittent bankruptcy, but the one must not behave like a Yankee clergyman of small pretensions that has married a Southern widow and a hundred negroes, or a pedlar that has established himself on a good corner of a Southern city; and the other must not put his soul, honor, and conscience, into his invoices. And, especially, both parties must take care not to make themselves the base instruments of cowardly and mercenary meanness—of fellows as

elastic and greedy as sponges till successful, and as spiral and savage as screws when they have the means of tyranny.

The moral of our story, as applied to the hunters of men—is altered a little from the original—"In all your service, copy Buff!" E.

CATHOLIC CHURCH PROPERTY.

By way of pertinent and compact criticism upon our article of the 28th of July, we have a communication from E. W., post-marked Boston, which puts ten questions to the editor. One of the ten asks—"Is the fact established that the Catholics of this country have been refused common rights and powers; and have they not demanded powers which other denominations have not asked for?" Our answer to this question and such others as bear upon this point, will be readily gathered from what we have already written.

Another question is—"Is the Bible to be suppressed, and refused to our citizens, because the Catholic Church demands it?" To the interrogatory we say, No! To the affirmation we say we have never heard of such a demand by the Catholics.

None of the other questions, in our apprehension, have any bearing whatever upon the property question, and we decline discussing them as if they had.

If the communication were, or purported to be, an answer to anything we have said, we would publish it. It throws the whole burden of discussion upon us. Its suggestions are welcome, and such of them as are relevant and pertinent, are answered already, or will be.

Seven or eight questions, involving the general character, history, and designs of the Romish hierarchy, would lead us into controversy, not with our correspondent so much as with the champions of Catholicism.

S. Collins, of Yorkville, Wisconsin, comes down upon us with nineteen questions; every one of them concerned with the moral, spiritual, civil, and social character of the Catholic Church, past, present, and to come. Not one directly or indirectly touching the question of incorporating their congregations. These questions appear to have been provoked—that is the word—by our assertion that the most of the Catholics in this country (meaning the Irish immigrants, as explained and applied in a sentence immediately following) have as good reasons for hating Protestantism as we have for detesting Popery. For the proof of all that there is in our affirmation, it would be sufficient to refer Mr. Collins to those Catholics themselves. Their apprehension of this matter is the one we have to deal with in our conduct towards them. Just what they think and believe, is the state of the case we are to address ourselves to. This, at least, was the drift of our thought, for the true construction read the words that follow "and our duty and policy alike direct us to remove every cause of offence that either justice or charity suggests."

But Mr. Collins himself feels the truth of their complaint, and evades it thus: "But there is Ireland, oppressed by Protestant England! Is it Popery or Protestantism that constitutes the oppressive element in the British Government? As applied, evidently the former. All Ireland's wrongs at the hands of the English Church establishment grow out of the Popish dogma—the union of supreme civil and ecclesiastical power in one person?"

The oppression of Ireland by the Protestant Government of England, is not Protestant, in fact, because it is Popish in spirit! And the hanging of the Quakers in New England by the Puritans, was, of course, not Puritan oppression, because it was Popish in character! Mr. Collins may, if he pleases, consider us answered, but he must try his pleading upon the Catholics themselves before the effect and intent of our remark is met.

If the persecution and oppression of the Catholics of Ireland by Protestant England and Orange Ireland were to be sustained as an independent fact, there is bloody and bitter proof of it in abundance; but, save the mark! It were no sooner done, than the answer meets us—"But that is not Protestantism, it is Popery in another form—Popery in disguise, and Protestantism only in name." We respectfully decline a race with an antagonist that swags horses at the outpost, and claims the winner for his own, though the one he backs is disintegrated.

Our own blood is every drop pure Protestant Irish; and as our excellent grandfather used to say—"Not one of the name—Armstrong, Henderson, Clifford, or Elder, ever were known to be Papists. We never were wild Irish mass boys." The earliest idea of an Irish Catholic that we ever received was, that any one of them would fasten the bowels of a Protestant woman to a thorn tree, and whip her round it till she died. We were told that a party of White Boys, a long time ago—about the time of the fairies, we believe—entered a Protestant house, as the family were sitting down to dinner, killed every one of them, but an infant in the cradle, and then sat down, and ate up the dinner with a relish. One of these butchers had got about half through with a meat pie, when suddenly he recollected that it was Friday! whereupon, he fell upon his knees, and crossed himself, in great distress at the accident. At this moment the child cried; he stuck a pitchfork into it, held it there sprawling, till he repeated an Ave Mary, and then flung the heretic reptile into the fire, and so squared his conscience. Oh! our religious education was not neglected, and we understand the old grudge thoroughly.

If the Protestants ever retaliated in any way, we never heard the particulars; or if we did, let us in return ask one question: Was it not justice to treat the miscreants as they deserved? Especially, would it be safe to trust such a people with the common rights and liberties of men?

Heaven help us! how fear begets wrath, and what crimes are perpetrated in the name of Liberty! The words of the Apostle to the Corinthians, in a very different sense, probably, from that intended, wonderfully describe the perversion of religious zeal: "For behold this self-same thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, ye, what clearing of yourselves, ye, what indignation, ye, what fear, ye, what vehement desire, ye, what zeal, ye, what revenge!"

We conclude that the Irish Catholics, or many of them, as we said, have as good reasons for hating Protestantism, or what they know by that name, at least, as we have for detesting Popery; and that if we would "lift up holy hands" in the civil and religious treatment of them, we must do it "without wrath or doubting."

Now a word upon the incorporation of the Bishops, which is the question we are concerned with.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, August 5, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

When it was the custom for a certain set of politicians to declaim against any interference with continental national affairs—a theme ceaselessly harped upon since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of these realms—Mr. Canning observed that England was too great a country to be able to shut herself up in insular separation, and keep her politics aloof from the general European system. On the contrary, there could hardly be a dispute, and assuredly not a war which lasted over a single campaign, into the vortex of which she must not, of necessity, be plunged. In the same manner we may say of America—the United States have become so great a country that they cannot exclude themselves, even across the broad Atlantic, from being deeply interested as parties, if not actually brought in as principals, to the complications, dissensions, and struggles of Europe. It is commerce that makes the world one kin, and thus, as it were, renders apparently the most distant lands very like domestic quarrels, which involve the wide-spread family of mankind.

Intelligence, therefore, of what is doing in every quarter, is important to all; and upon the character of that intelligence a great deal depends. If we may coin a new phrase—if not a new idea—we may state that what must be most acceptable is a *PHILOSOPHY OF NEWS*, as contradistinguished from uncertain rumors and colored facts, which now pass too generally current for truths and accurate information. We assure readers that it is an exceedingly difficult thing to pick the grains of wheat out of the bushels of chaff which fill the best conducted journals of the times. There are always such powerful inducements to pervert, either at the fountain head or in the channel of conveyance to the public, that an altogether correct stream is rarely to be met with; and it is often lucky that there is sufficient transparency to show that the materials being carried down can neither be entitled to credence now, or consideration hereafter. In short, there is an endless succession of bubbles that deceive for a moment, and burst. History will never speak of them.

In our endeavor to furnish a regular supply of information, which shall be partly obtained from original sources, and partly from a careful sifting of what is afloat in other channels, (which, it is hoped, considerable experience will enable us to execute with correct, and thence beneficial, results), we shall at any rate take special pains not to mislead, if we cannot instruct; and this, we need hardly assure clear-sighted readers, will be no small merit. Suppose, for example, we were obliged to depend upon the principal London organs for our ideas of the momentous Eastern question, which has for several months been perplexing and agitating the European world. From the *Times* we should gather all that could be favorable to Russia and the great moneyed interests of London, the Rothschilds &c.; together with a general support of Government, partially qualified by these elements. From the *Morning Chronicle* we should have a yet more decidedly partisan adherence to the Cabinet, but curiously coupled with fierce hostility towards Russia; and the more curious because it is not supposed to be entertained by that branch of the Administration (the Peelites) to which the paper is notoriously most attached in all other respects. The *Morning Post*, as the engine of the Emperor of France, is all for immediate war, with the cordial alliance, offensive and defensive, of France and England. The *Morning Herald* also adopts this line, though not quite so much as a French instrument as an assailant of Ministers, whom it accuses of vacillation and compromise of the honor and dignity of the Empire. The *Daily News*, the mouth-piece of the Peace school, is nevertheless violent for immediate hostilities: its hate of absolutism overpowering its pacific doctrines. The radical *Advertiser* is also for war at all risks; as it is likely enough to pull down a few thrones, and lead to a confusion which should leave the way for its friends, like Richard III., "to bustle in."

Now, we might ask, how far can we trust to these organs, individually or collectively? Individually very little; for, without meaning to mislead, each is liable itself to be misled where it must depend for its intelligence; and collectively, only by enjoying large opportunities for comparison, and access to the best sources for correction!

In commencing this correspondence, it may be desirable to direct attention to the *status quo* and aspect of affairs at the outset. As the astrologers of old used to draw a horoscope of the whole heavens before they described the relations of the various configurations, and thence drew their prophecies of what the stars predicted, so may we cast a glance over the face of the earth, and endeavor to gather out of its extraordinary appearances and complications, at the present moment, some glimpses of future probabilities.

Physically, as well as morally, the chaos of the present time is well worthy of the greatest consideration. The word "progress" is in every mouth; and it does not seem to be extensively felt that all "change" is not deserving of that title. There is a great deal to "give us pause," a great deal to scan and examine, and a great deal to understand and deeply think upon, before we can start with fair hopes to see our way out of the labyrinth; and assuredly it would not be wisdom to rush madly forward as the best means of extricating ourselves from the confusion and evils of the times. That they are confused and evil, a glance will show.

Physically, there appears to have been established, within a few years, in permanent existence, new atmospheric or terrestrial phenomena, which are calculated to produce considerable effect upon the condition of vast bodies of mankind, over large spaces of the globe. The cholera is now raging in Russia, Scandinavia, and the north of Germany; and threatening a descent upon our English shores, and further transmission to other lands. The potato disease is an element of some disturbance to political economy. The general prospect of a harvest below the average, and a certain deficiency in the hay crops; the interruptions of the importations from corn-growing countries—such as Wallachia and Moldavia—and the influx of gold from California and Australia, tending to increase the rise of prices in all the necessities of life; the failure of the vine in Madeira, the south of Italy, the best districts of France and Portugal, and also in Spain; and the similar failure of the current produce of the Levant, form, altogether, a very remarkable combination of circumstances, which must more or less affect every relation of the civilized world. Which "must," do we say?—which have, and are, from day to day, growing in influence, as they spread wider and wider, and generate causes which in succession lead to other mutations in the universal scale. In England there is already a momentous impulse given to a revolution of the social wheel, which the emigration from these isles, and especially from Ireland, has accelerated. This self-same impulse was hailed as a relief, and encouraged by private benevolent subscriptions, philanthropic plans,

and Government bounties. It was no longer fancied that a sturdy peasantry, their country's pride, when once abstracted, could not have their places supplied. No; we rejoiced, and shouted for the exodus! And how has it left us? In a situation to make labor the dictator of hours and wages! There is no blinking the fact. The employed are now, to a great extent, the employers of the capitalist. There are "Strikes" in every mechanical trade, in every hired service, in every farm and factory, in every quarter of the empire; and the practice is rapidly spreading, till it will embrace the working population, (the operatives as they are called); and it will need but a Louis Blanc to centralize the whole, and impart to the aggregate mass a consistent form and unity of action. We do not mean to sound the tocsin of alarm on this head; but no one can profitably study the politics of the age and the prospects of futurity, if he shut his eyes to the sure "march" onward and prodigious alterations which this imminent movement is hastening to fulfill.

The new political casting of nations, as it were, is another phenomenon, out of which mighty events must be evolved. The antagonistic principles of absolutism and freedom are more unequivocally pitted against each other throughout Europe than they have ever been before, though the latter is unfortunately too much bound up with secret associations and conspiracies. But the conflict approaches, and after a terrible struggle, into the arena of the front in open day, there will be nothing able to stand against it.

The most favorable symptom is the evident desire for the preservation of peace, which unites so many Governments, with necessarily diversified views and interests, in the effort to curb the mad development of Russian ambition. On the issue it is dangerous to speculate, when ten days will put us in possession of the climax. But it is as difficult to suppose that the Czar will retract, as it has been to imagine that he would venture so far. It is clear that the time was not so ripe for the attempt as he presumed; though there were many things to induce a contrary belief. His recent services to Austria in Hungary—the Montenegro collision and difference between that Power and the Porte—the French coup to obtain an advantage at the holy shrines—and, above all, the establishment of a military despotism in France, rendering any cordial alliance with constitutional England improbable, were all suggestive of the lucky moment. But the calculation has, so far, turned out to be erroneous; and the grand question now is, Will the haughty Autocrat humble himself, without a few blows, to march out of the Danubian provinces on compulsion, and exhibit a picture of baffled injustice to the grinning universe? If some expedient cannot be devised, apparently to break the fall and gild the disgrace, we can hardly persuade ourselves that Nicholas will be induced, with 120,000 men, to march across the Pruth.

And then march back again. His proud stomach will, we think, rather risk a war, especially if that war assumed passive, or defensive, or still continued diplomatic, instead of active and offensive operations against him, from the Black Sea to the Baltic. Persia, with Schiraz destroyed, with the loss of 12,000 lives, and suffering other calamities, might still seize the opportunity to shake off a painful oppression, and the brave Caucasians would recover lost ground. Under all circumstances, it is not strange that peace or war should hang on an almost equally poised balance.

The state of affairs in China is also exceedingly interesting and important at this period. The insurgents, professing a mongrel Protestantism, and adopting the ancient Jewish principles in warfare, of cutting off men, women, and child, of the Tartar races who oppose them, have got possession of Nankin and Amoy, where they protect foreigners, and do not molest the Chinese people in the midst of their massacres of enemies. In the mean while America visits Japan, and British India invades Burmah. The days when the flowery empire could be held as a close corporation, are gone forever; and the access of this vast, rich, and populous quarter of the earth to the great family of nations, is an event, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

Merely repeating our mention of the marvellous restoration of the age of gold, an engine of itself capable of producing wonderful changes, may we not ask whether or not we have, even in our cursory manner as our limits permit, demonstrated that our lot has fallen on an extraordinary epoch, and one pregnant with events to be born within the next fifty years, perhaps more astonishing than those which have made the first half of the nineteenth century a romance unparalleled in the history of the human race.

REV. ELLINGTON.—Many of our exchanges make Ellington a Rev. Mr. We understand he does not claim to be a minister of the Gospel, but does claim to be a member of the Church. So we have an example of one heir of Christ attempting to make another heir of Christ his infidel.—*Indiana True Dem.*

The time fixed for the trial of John Freeman, who is claimed by Ellington, is Monday, the 29th instant, at Indianapolis; meantime he is charged three dollars per day for the hire of a guard, to keep himself from running away. The marshal (J. L. Robinson) is strongly censured by the Indiana papers, both Whig and Democratic, for his scarcely disguised efforts in behalf of the claimant. This case is working a revolution in the public sentiment of Indiana, in regard to the Fugitive Slave Bill. It has attracted public attention to the enormities of that infamous enactment. That Freeman, if he has half a chance, will be able to prove himself to be a freeman in fact, as he is in name, we have no doubt. The claimant and his marshal have already outraged law and decency in endeavoring to consign a freeman to Slavery; and we shall watch their future proceedings with much interest.

THE PRICE PRESBYTERIAN.—A new volume of the price has commenced. It will be published hereafter by J. Gordon and W. G. Kephart, at Albany, Athens county, Ohio. The paper has been enlarged and improved, and promises to be a valuable auxiliary in the Anti-Slavery cause.

THE INDEPENDENT DEMOCRAT, published at Elyria, Ohio, has changed hands. P. Bliss, Esq., has sold the establishment to Messrs. John H. Boynton and Jos. H. Dickson. The Democrat is a spirited advocate of the cause of Independent Democracy, and we wish the new firm success.

MEXICO.—Private advices from Mexico report that much excitement existed, in consequence of Santa Anna having re-established a direct tax, and ordered an army of 92,000 men to be raised, on the pretence of waging war with the United States, but in reality to strengthen himself in power. He also proposes to raise a loan of \$17,000,000 at 3 per cent. interest, by mortgaging the church property, to be paid back in annual instalments of one million of dollars. The clergy, it is supposed, would resist it.

The order for the return of the Jesuits has finally passed.

NEBRASKA.—A Convention of the inhabitants of this Territory was held at the Wyandotte Council House, on the 26th July. W. P. Barney presided, Wm. Walker acting as Secretary. Resolutions were adopted, recommending the eligibility of the Central Railroad route to the Pacific, regretting the failure of the Nebraska Territorial bill, disclaiming all intention to infringe upon the rights of the Indians, and tendering thanks to Hon. A. Guthrie, the late Delegate, and nominating him for re-election. Provisional Territorial officers were appointed. October 11 was fixed on as the day for the election of the Territorial Governor. W. Walker was elected Provisional Governor; G. J. Clark, Provisional Secretary; and R. C. Miller, M. R. Walker, and Isaac Mundy, Councilmen. A. Guthrie was nominated for Delegate to the Thirty-third Congress.

The editor of the Independence (Mo.) Messenger, who was present, says that— "In point of numbers and intelligence, the Convention was a very respectable one. It was a clear demonstration in favor of the organization of a Territorial Government over Nebraska, similar to the one contained in the bill that passed the House of Representatives during the last session of Congress, and of the Central Railroad route to the Pacific ocean. There were intelligent and educated Indians in the Convention, and men from the States who had passed over this route, and knew what they were talking about.

"From what we witnessed, and learned from other sources, we think we can give the opinion in advance, that the friends of the Territorial organization have more to fear from the traders and Indian agents within their borders, than from any other quarter. This Territorial Government once established, and their occupation will be gone."

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

INDIANA.

Henry county.—A meeting was held at New Castle on 6th inst. Isaac Kinley was chosen President, and J. E. Saint, Secretary. The following preamble and resolution was adopted:

Whereas, We regard the Democratic party of this nation as hopelessly corrupt, and lost to all sense of right; as fully pledged to nationalize Slavery and sectional Freedom; And whereas, we regard the Whig party (what remains of it) as equally steeped in iniquity and sold to oppression; therefore,

Resolved, That the only hope of this nation is in the adoption of the principles of the Free Democracy, as set forth in the Pittsburgh platform.

Resolutions in favor of township and district organizations were also adopted. The meeting was addressed by Wm. Hendrix.

OHIO.

Clermont county.—Delegates from the different townships of this county met at Felicity, Ohio, on 3d inst. Z. M. Lonsdown, chairman; and Wm. Carter, Secretary. Speeches were made by Hon. Samuel Lewis, Dr. Barnes, and Rev. Wm. Lewis. The following county ticket was placed in nomination:

Representative—E. G. Ricker, of Pierce township; Sheriff—David Fagan, of Franklin; Auditor—Nelson Gibson, of Tate; Treasurer—Jacob Ebersol, of Pierce; Prosecuting Attorney—L. W. Carver, of Franklin; Commissioner—J. W. Morrin, of Ohio; Recorder—T. J. Morris, of Tate.

NEW YORK.

Oswego county.—Delegates from the several districts of this county met at Mexico on 10th inst., pursuant to notice. The meeting was organized by the choice of Dr. E. A. Potter, President; Harvey Gray, George S. Buell, Vice Presidents; O. S. Cook, J. C. Porter, Secretaries. Resolutions in favor of the Pittsburgh platform, and against the slave transit bill, were adopted. The following candidates for county officers were nominated:

For District Attorney—Sylvanus C. Huntington, P. E. County Superintendent of the Poor—Oswego Ames, Justice of the Peace—Benj. N. Hinman, Hamblin; Harvey Gray, town of Oswego.

The following were chosen delegates to the State Convention: I. N. Meacham, Sandy Creek, Eastern district; Anson Loomis, Fulton, Western district; Ebernat—E. B. Robbins, Sandy Creek, Eastern district; R. H. Spencer, Oswego, Western district.

MAINE.

Waldo County.—The Independent Democracy of this county met in Convention on the 10th inst., at Brooks. James Blanchard, President; Philo Chase and S. A. Randall, Secretaries. The citizens of Brooks, or rather the ladies, provided a free entertainment for the Convention, which was heartily partaken of by the guests. The following ticket was nominated:

Senators—Thomas R. Lane, Sylvanus Roberts, and John Randall; Commissioner—Rich'd Ford; County Treasurer—Wm. O. Poor.

A resolution was adopted, urging upon the friends of the Maine Law to support Dr. Ezekiel Holmes for Governor.

MISSOURI.

The representation of Missouri, in the next Congress, will stand as follows:

Democrats—Thos. H. Benton, A. W. Lamb, John S. Phelps.

Whigs—Samuel Carathers, John J. Lindley, John G. Miller, Mordecai Oliver.

The St. Louis Democrat, speaking of the defeat of Fox Jackson in the 3d district, says: "Thus a traitor of a double dye—a traitor to the Democracy and a traitor to the country—is now laid on the shelf for his natural life, as we long since predicted he would be. For the first time he made his appearance before the public for their suffrages. The reputed author of the infamous Jackson resolutions, and an open, loud-mouthed defender of their treasonable doctrines, he has now received the verdict of the people of his own district, and that verdict is, 'You are a traitor, and your resolutions are repudiated,' and that he is not a fit person to represent the State of Missouri in Congress."

TENNESSEE.

The official majority for Andrew Johnson, Democrat, for Governor, is 2,216. The Whigs have elected five members of Congress, the Democrats four, with the first district in doubt. The Legislature stands thus:

	Whigs.	Democrats.
Senate	12	12
House	44	31
	56	44

Whig majority on joint ballot, 12.

ALABAMA.—The Montgomery Advertiser has returns from 29 counties, and the vote for Governor falls on Earnest (Ind Whig), 8,122; Walker, (Ind Whig), 7,000; Jones, (Ind Whig), 950; Nickles, (Union Dem.), 3,435; Winston, (Dem. candidate), 23,527.

The Democrats have a decided majority in both branches of the Legislature, and a majority on joint ballot from 23 to 25.

HOUSTON.—The head of the Rev. Mr. Penny was instantaneously removed from his body in the Worcester railroad murder.

The awfully mangled state of the dead was such that they had to be wrapped up from public view.

So states our reporter, who was present. When a railway company can only make one track, the State should add another.

N. Y. Tribune.

AID TO NEW ORLEANS.—The following is the amount collected for the benefit of the sufferers from the yellow fever at New Orleans:

	New York, \$30,000;	Philadelphia, 12,000;
Baltimore, 6,000;	Boston, 4,000;	Washington, 3,000;
Moblie, 2,000;	Charleston, 1,000;	Savannah, 2,000.

Total, \$60,000.

A war is fully expected in England, and the people, it is said, wish for it.

SECTIONALISM.

One of the principal charges brought against the Independent Democracy is that of encouraging a sectional spirit, and of seeking to embitter the people of the North against those of the South. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The friends of Freedom, in seeking the enfranchisement of Humanity from bondage, and the elevation of Man, labor not only for the permanent interest of the Northern people, but also for that of the Southern. Our country is one. We all love her, and seek her prosperity and happiness; and it is because we love her and hope to promote her prosperity, that we speak of evils whose continuance would check her onward march among the brotherhood of nations. The charge of Sectionalism is therefore unfounded and unjust. We observe some excellent remarks on this topic in the Rhode Island Freeman, which we commend to attention:

"The South, as well as the North, is our country. Its honor, its prosperity, its intelligence, its virtue, are the common property of the nation; and the disgrace and odium of Southern injustice, wrongs, and crimes, are likewise shared in by the whole country. As I have said before, On Thursday, as soon as I got my copy, I carried it to Mr. Purdy, the manager. He read it with deep interest, when I informed him that the paper in which it appeared was the one which first introduced 'Uncle Tom' and 'Eva' to the millions who are now being stirred by their pathos; and that the paper, having neither the intelligence nor the moral power to save itself from final ruin. On the wisdom and intelligence of the North depends the South's salvation."

A fit commentary on the charge of Sectionalism by Southern men, and those who sustain them, against the Independent Democracy, is the resolution of the Whig State Convention of Alabama, that they will oppose the annexation of additional territory to the United States, "unless the equal rights of the South (Slavery) be expressly guaranteed by the articles of the session." Is that national?

HEAT IN NEW YORK.—The deaths from heat in New York, during the past week, have been quite numerous. On Tuesday there were more than one hundred bodies in the dead-house. Some horrible details were disclosed in a communication addressed to the board of Ten Governors by Mr. Daly, warden of the Bellevue Hospital, who stated that, during the 14th and 15th instant, there had been as many as fifty bodies exposed in and about the place. The house could only contain about half the number, and the remainder were exposed to the sun. The friends of many of the deceased having required to see the bodies, the hospital men were obliged to be continually moving them. The floor of the dead-house was covered with decomposed matter, an inch thick; while outside, bodies were piled six or seven high. The recent change in the weather has operated favorably, and deaths from heat have ceased.

THE YELLOW FEVER at New Orleans continues to rage with unabated violence. On the 15th, the number of deaths from fever was 157; on the 16th, 206; the forty-eight hours ending on the morning of the 18th, 410, including 366 by yellow fever; on the 19th, 242, including 227 from yellow fever. The total for the week sums up 1,532, of which 1,361 were from the fever.

The Howard Association during the last four weeks have ministered to the wants of 3,000 unfortunate, and they expect soon to have under their care 1,000 at a cost of \$10 each. They earnestly appeal to the citizens of the North, and the friends of humanity everywhere, for aid.

Business is reported as almost at a stand. It was a matter of difficulty to find workmen to dig the graves, and 125 bodies were burned for want of places of interment.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

A Free Gospel—Ellen; or, The Chained Mother.—The Methodist Episcopal Church.

GLENNVILLE, KY., Aug. 9, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era: When I first became a contributor to your paper, I trembled for the success of an Anti-Slavery gospel in Kentucky. It is not yet a time for boasting; yet we now regard an Anti-Slavery gospel here as a fixed fact. We now have seven churches, organized upon the principle of non-resistance, and a circulating library, and secret out-bound societies, and a number of small, but regularly increasing in numbers. Their influence upon the public mind is daily extending, and the area of their labors widening. Three colporteurs are in the field, distributing Anti-Slavery documents, Bibles to slaves, and conversing with slaveholders and slaveholders' sons. The influence of the system of Slavery, their duties to the slave, and the Church of Christ.

I start to-morrow, God willing, to visit the churches in Madison and Rockcastle counties. Before going, I wish to commend to your readers the little work recently written by Mrs. M. B. Baker, entitled "Ellen; or, The Chained Mother." Mr. Harlan, a native of Kentucky, and previous to her marriage was a resident in this State; now she resides in Middletown, Ohio. Her book is written in an easy, pleasant style, and the narrative strikingly illustrates the sad consequences attendant upon the bankruptcies or death of those denominated "slaveholders."

That which to me is passingly strange is, that the friends of humanity in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with all that has been written and spoken upon the subject of Slavery, still continue to fellowship in their churches, those who of choice, and for profit or convenience, hold slaves, and who deliberately, in the most flagrant manner, violate the fundamental law of the gospel—the law of love. A church that will not fellowship any known sin, is a God-appointed and Heaven-approved institution; but one that deliberately and perseveringly follows what John Wesley styles the "sin of all villanies," as Dr. Elliott says, "double robbery," never can be a true church, and thus she breaks down the distinction between it and the world.

Mrs. Baker narrates such facts as now exist, and are liable to exist, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many members in the free States seem not to know that there are several cases of slaveholding members in their churches, and more or less slaveholding members in their churches, and who hold slaves for "gain." Almost every week I pass the large mansion of a local preacher in that church, who not long since sold a brother preacher belonging to the same church—then a slave to him. True, he sold this brother to himself; but he let him go free only as the stipulated sum (\$400, as stated by one who ought to know), was first secured by the surety of neighbors. Then he let him go to be the sum from his (the slave's) abolition brethren. That preacher holds many more slaves. Does not that preacher hold slaves for "GAIN?"

Strike these things for the eye, especially, of Dr. Pond and Dr. Elliott. I will give names and places when either of these brethren wish them.

JOHN G. FEE.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans states that the *Picayune* is in receipt of interesting advices from Vera Cruz and Mexico:

"The Governors of the States on the frontier had received instructions from Government to take immediate and necessary steps for the protection of Mexican inhabitants from injury sustained by them in the future in the United States of America, and to the contrary of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, for the repression of the incursions and depredations of the Indians on the frontier borders."

"The subject is to be laid before the Cabinet at Washington, at an early day."

"The rumors recently in circulation, with reference to an alliance between the Governments of Mexico, England, and Spain, for the

protection of the island of Cuba, and the placing of the Mexican Republic under the yoke of Spain, are entirely and explicitly denied. A terrible epidemic, resembling the yellow fever, has broken out in the capital of Guerrero, carrying off large numbers, including many of the principal and old-established citizens of the place."

*Is this the cause of the transportation of United States troops to the Rio Grande? *
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The Drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin again—Effect of its Influence on the Levied and Abandoned—A Brief History of its Authorship and Home—A Prediction—Hot Corn! and the Run of Industry—Hopeful Indications of the Times.

New York, August 20th, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

In your editorial call of attention to my last letter, you speak pleasantly, as well as justly, of "Uncle Tom among the Bowers boys." Soon you may add, "the Era among the Bowers boys." My description of the performance of the drama at the National Theatre will have had the effect, probably, of introducing the *National Era* to the attention of a new class of readers, a class of whom I did not even know of its existence before. On Thursday, as soon as I got my copy, I carried it to Mr. Purdy, the manager. He read it with deep interest, when I informed him that the paper in which it appeared was the one which first introduced "Uncle Tom" and "Eva" to the millions who are now being stirred by their pathos; and that the paper, having neither the intelligence nor the moral power to save itself from final ruin. On the wisdom and intelligence of the North depends the South's salvation."

A fit commentary on the charge of Sectionalism by Southern men, and those who sustain them, against the Independent Democracy, is the resolution of the Whig State Convention of Alabama, that they will oppose the annexation of additional territory to the United States, "unless the equal rights of the South (Slavery) be expressly guaranteed by the articles of the session." Is that national?

HEAT IN NEW YORK.—The deaths from heat in New York, during the past week, have been quite numerous. On Tuesday there were more than one hundred bodies in the dead-house. Some horrible details were disclosed in a communication addressed to the board of Ten Governors by Mr. Daly, warden of the Bellevue Hospital, who stated that, during the 14th and 15th instant, there had been as many as fifty bodies exposed in and about the place. The house could only contain about half the number, and the remainder were exposed to the sun. The friends of many of the deceased having required to see the bodies, the hospital men were obliged to be continually moving them. The floor of the dead-house was covered with decomposed matter, an inch thick; while outside, bodies were piled six or seven high. The recent change in the weather has operated favorably, and deaths from heat have ceased.

THE YELLOW FEVER at New Orleans continues to rage with unabated violence. On the 15th, the number of deaths from fever was 157; on the 16th, 206; the forty-eight hours ending on the morning of the 18th, 410, including 366 by yellow fever; on the 19th, 242, including 227 from yellow fever. The total for the week sums up 1,532, of which 1,361 were from the fever.

The Howard Association during the last four weeks have ministered to the wants of 3,000 unfortunate, and they expect soon to have under their care 1,000 at a cost of \$10 each. They earnestly appeal to the citizens of the North, and the friends of humanity everywhere, for aid.

Business is reported as almost at a stand. It was a matter of difficulty to find workmen to dig the graves, and 125 bodies were burned for want of places of interment.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

A Free Gospel—Ellen; or, The Chained Mother.—The Methodist Episcopal Church.

GLENNVILLE, KY., Aug. 9, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era: When I first became a contributor to your paper, I trembled for the success of an Anti-Slavery gospel in Kentucky. It is not yet a time for boasting; yet we now regard an Anti-Slavery gospel here as a fixed fact. We now have seven churches, organized upon the principle of non-resistance, and a circulating library, and secret out-bound societies, and a number of small, but regularly increasing in numbers. Their influence upon the public mind is daily extending, and the area of their labors widening. Three colporteurs are in the field, distributing Anti-Slavery documents, Bibles to slaves, and conversing with slaveholders and slaveholders' sons. The influence of the system of Slavery, their duties to the slave, and the Church of Christ.

I start to-morrow, God willing, to visit the churches in Madison and Rockcastle counties. Before going, I wish to commend to your readers the little work recently written by Mrs. M. B. Baker, entitled "Ellen; or, The Chained Mother." Mr. Harlan, a native of Kentucky, and previous to her marriage was a resident in this State; now she resides in Middletown, Ohio. Her book is written in an easy, pleasant style, and the narrative strikingly illustrates the sad consequences attendant upon the bankruptcies or death of those denominated "slaveholders."

That which to me is passingly strange is, that the friends of humanity in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with all that has been written and spoken upon the subject of Slavery, still continue to fellowship in their churches, those who of choice, and for profit or convenience, hold slaves, and who deliberately, in the most flagrant manner, violate the fundamental law of the gospel—the law of love. A church that will not fellowship any known sin, is a God-appointed and Heaven-approved institution; but one that deliberately and perseveringly follows what John Wesley styles the "sin of all villanies," as Dr. Elliott says, "double robbery," never can be a true church, and thus she breaks down the distinction between it and the world.

Mrs. Baker narrates such facts as now exist, and are liable to exist, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many members in the free States seem not to know that there are several cases of slaveholding members in their churches, and more or less slaveholding members in their churches, and who hold slaves for "gain." Almost every week I pass the large mansion of a local preacher in that church, who not long since sold a brother preacher belonging to the same church—then a slave to him. True, he sold this brother to himself; but he let him go free only as the stipulated sum (\$400, as stated by one who ought to know), was first secured by the surety of neighbors. Then he let him go to be the sum from his (the slave's) abolition brethren. That preacher holds many more slaves. Does not that preacher hold slaves for "GAIN?"

Strike these things for the eye, especially, of Dr. Pond and Dr. Elliott. I will give names and places when either of these brethren wish them.

JOHN G. FEE.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans states that the *Picayune* is in receipt of interesting advices from Vera Cruz and Mexico:

"The Governors of the States on the frontier had received instructions from Government to take immediate and necessary steps for the protection of Mexican inhabitants from injury sustained by them in the future in the United States of America, and to the contrary of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, for the repression of the incursions and depredations of the Indians on the frontier borders."

"The subject is to be laid before the Cabinet at Washington, at an early day."

"The rumors recently in circulation, with reference to an alliance between the Governments of Mexico, England, and Spain, for the

protection of the island of Cuba, and the placing of the Mexican Republic under the yoke of Spain, are entirely and explicitly denied. A terrible epidemic, resembling the yellow fever, has broken out in the capital of Guerrero, carrying off large numbers, including many of the principal and old-established citizens of the place."

*Is this the cause of the transportation of United States troops to the Rio Grande? *
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The Drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin again—Effect of its Influence on the Levied and Abandoned—A Brief History of its Authorship and Home—A Prediction—Hot Corn! and the Run of Industry—Hopeful Indications of the Times.

New York, August 20th, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

In your editorial call of attention to my last letter, you speak pleasantly, as well as justly, of "Uncle Tom among the Bowers boys." Soon you may add, "the Era among the Bowers boys." My description of the performance of the drama at the National Theatre will have had the effect, probably, of introducing the *National Era* to the attention of a new class of readers, a class of whom I did not even know of its existence before. On Thursday, as soon as I got my copy, I carried it to Mr. Purdy, the manager. He read it with deep interest, when I informed him that the paper in which it appeared was the one which first introduced "Uncle Tom" and "Eva" to the millions who are now being stirred by their pathos; and that the paper, having neither the intelligence nor the moral power to save itself from final ruin. On the wisdom and intelligence of the North depends the South's salvation."

A fit commentary on the

